

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

Between the Lights.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Did perfumes wander back from fields of clover
Seen in the light of sun that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, through the dark returning,
I hear the echoes of departed feet—
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withheld?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet, from our Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying: "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;
Bide my love, or give me back the past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are
Dearer
Than all thy shining streets, and mansion
vast!"

Peace, Peace, the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of his throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,
Old love, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompensated
Shall stain this earth and vex this heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a palm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the
nights.

—Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

A Turkish Legend.

A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in tears,
And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven: "Only God is great."

So these four words above the city's noise
Hang like the soot of an angel's voice,
And evermore from the high balcony
Bathed each returning caravan.

Lo! is that city's glory: every guest
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's
dust,
And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written: "Only God is Great."
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

STORY TELLER.

LOSING HER SITUATION.

"Now, girls, this won't do!" said Madame Molini, pouncing in upon the pale sewing girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to sit and fold your hands, like fine ladies. Miss Sedgwick, we are waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not go on with those button-holes? Miss Foxe, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once!"

"But, Madame, I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Foxe.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setters at the window opposite?" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mullens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice in the goody city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth Avenue as a French Modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work. "I stopped just a minute, Madame, with that bad pain in my side," she said, beginning to stich away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said Madame severely, "you had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine, bought and paid for!"

While Miss Sedgwick, in self-defence, urged that she had not enough silk gimp to trim the polonaise and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated Madame—"not enough! I'm-asserted that trimming myself, and I know that there is enough! You may just rip it off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages! What's that, Flora Fay—the mode-colored silk dress? Finished? And where are the two and a half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, Madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed young girl, recently from the country, who stood, in an unconsciously graceful attitude, before the fat and floss dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfasted the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening uncut silk, and whisked it away upon a shelf. "Two yards and a half isn't much, but it is better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened the innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?"

she asked Miss Foxe, in a whisper, as Madame rustled off to scold the errand-boy for putting too much coal on the grate-fire.

"Don't you know, little silly?" whispered Miss Foxe, laughing. "It's what she cabbages!"

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora, in amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You will, when you see the silk made up into a sleeveless basque for Madame," said the other, "trimmed with the gimp that was left from Mrs. Aubrey's dinner-dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white 'damasse' ball costume."

"But you don't mean," said breathless Flora, "that Madame takes the silk that is left from the customers' dresses?"

"Goosie!" cried Miss Foxe, "don't talk nonsense any longer. It's what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception-room bell," shrilly called Madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the pretty room, all glistening with sat in drapery, gilded mouldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea captain, who boarded at some quite, inexpensive house, where Flora was allowed a half bed-room at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds having once boarded a summer at the old Fay farm-house up among the Berkshire hills, and still retaining a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's kindness during an illness which overtook her there.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gliding to fresco, Axminster carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I see in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of questioning surprise; "but she's very nice and is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode-colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready."

And presently Madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white paste board box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high charges.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a young lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Foxe, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not all made up into the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves and it is not here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Foxe, with an aspect of polite impossibility. "The bias puffs and folks cut up the material shockingly, and—"

But at this moment, little Flora Fay, who was packing some tulle capes and fleish into a band-box, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk, Miss Foxe," she interrupted—"don't you remember?—on the shelf in the back room."

Miss Foxe colored and bit her lip. Madame Molini, with ominously-darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper, and handed it to Miss Fortescue, muttering something about "a mistake made by one of her young women;" and the young lady departed, a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay: with a scarlet spot glowing in each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged!"

"Discharged!" echoed Flora, "For what?"

"I want no one in my service,"

said Madame, "who is too conscientious to fulfill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of the silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employment."

So poor little Flora went crying home, with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the boarding-house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No she's not ill," said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she don't look out. She's boarding herself, Captain Drake, on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a little shadow, because she lost her situation at that dressmaking place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run in debt, she says, not even for a meal of victuals. Ah! the good woman added, 'I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam.'"

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake.

And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain. "Just what I say myself," nodded the land lady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Arkwright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you could only come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you, please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, quite," said Mrs. Arkwright. And in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came nearly every day; and little Flora, all unconscious of her feelings, began to watch for his daily visits as a heliotrope-blossom watches the sun.

Until at last, there was talk of another voyage to Japan, and Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I have been here long enough," she said. "If I go to the Exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need a change."

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter.

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling that I should sail to Jeddo?"

"I always had a horror of the sea," whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But, of course, Captain Drake, you must do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently; and, when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table-linen she was hemming for Mrs. Arkwright.

"How bold and unmanly it is of me," she thought, "to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me! If he had cared so little for me, would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening, at dusk, Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he was treading the deck of an outward-bound vessel.

"Don't run away, Flora," said he as the girl caught up her work, and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did you want to speak to me?" she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't I always want to speak to you? Sit down, Flora," said he, and hear what I've been planning."

"Now it's coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart. "He is coming to tell me so."

"I have decided to give up the sea-faring business," said Captain Drake. "Have you?" fluttered Flora, faintly. "I am so glad!"

"But I won't go there to live," said the captain, determinedly, "unless you go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife! What do you think of it, little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. Arkwright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered; the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion!

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake, to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there is nothing in all the world that I haven't courage to undertake."

And when Mrs. Arkwright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered:

"I think I am the happiest creature in all the wide world to-night. Because, dear Mrs. Arkwright, he loves me!"

A BAG OF GOLD.

THE STORY OF A HACK DRIVER.

"Are you engaged, coachman?"

"I had stopped at that moment to water my horses, and to quench my own thirst in a saloon near. I had scarcely reached my horses' head when I heard the above question, and saw, as I turned around, a young lady standing by the side of my coach."

Without delay I answered, and opening the carriage door, I helped the lady in. Her face had a certain hesitating, timid expression, which made me judge that my fare was not an independent lady, but a house-keeper or governess. She wore a black silk dress and a woolen shawl.

Her hands and feet were small, but it did not escape me that her gloves were very much worn.

I asked her where she wished to be carried. She named a locality not of the best, in a low, timid voice, as if ashamed of it. I climbed on the box and whipped up. Although it was nothing to me where my fare wished to go, I felt a sort of curiosity as to who and what the lady might be. I had observed that she seemed to have a pretty face, although the veil that she wore over it did not let me see her features plainly. During the trip I was driven by my curiosity to peep through the carriage window behind me, and saw that she had put up the veil. She looked frightfully pale and thin. Her skin was like wax, and one did not need to be a doctor to know that she was consumptive.

She held in her hands something on which her eyes were fixed, and there came over her face an expression of thankfulness and satisfaction. What the object was I could not tell exactly. I only saw that it was light colored, and had no decided shape. I had only two seconds of time for observation I had to see to my horses in the crowded street.

I gave them a lash with the whip, and at a quick trot we soon arrived at that part of the city indicated. As soon as I found the number which the lady had given me, I stopped, got off the box, and opened the door to help her out. She appeared to be in great agitation, as if an unpleasant interview was before her. I received from her over the price of her fare, which she evidently knew, a little drinking money, thanked her, and she hurried away while I turned my carriage toward a neighboring saloon, to invest the drink money immediately in a glass of beer.

But before I went in, I proceeded to straighten the carriage cushions, and see that all was right inside. As soon as I opened the door again, I saw some object lying on the seat. It was a small linen sack—without doubt what the lady held in her lap. I took it in my hand, and its weight astonished me. With not a little curiosity I looked at it again and again, and put it in the wide pocket of my coat. Instead of indulging myself in a glass of beer, I drove to the nearest hack-stand and took my place in the rear of the line of carriages, so that I could be sure of not being wanted for the next half hour.

I got into my carriage, as hackmen often do when they want a little rest, and I examined for the second time my new-found treasure. I shook the contents of the bag on the seat, and sat with dazzled eyes before quite a pile of gold.

After delighting my eyes with it for a while, I counted the money, partly ten dollar pieces, singly, again into the sack, and found that it amounted to exactly the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

I could not think otherwise than that this money belonged to the pale young lady whom I had last carried. How

she came by it, and what she was going to do with it, was another thing. I had found it, and it was a great temptation to me to keep it. What could I not undertake with such a capital? I could buy myself a carriage and horses and, instead of being a miserable hired coachman, would myself own carriages, or establish a livery stable, which would make me independent.

"The picture of the future which I painted in this way was alluring enough, but along with it was the consideration that I should be a thief if I retained that money. My selfishness had a severe struggle with my conscience."

While I now looked more closely at the bag, I found written in ink upon it the address, "Miss Mildred Berkeley, No. 4 Madison Place." This address, which had hitherto escaped me, I read with as much disgust as astonishment, for there now remained to me, as an honorable man, but one way. I immediately over it a time, but could come to no conclusion. "With honesty," said one voice in my soul, "you will earn no bread; with honesty, you can go, in your old age, to the poor-house."

At last selfish interest and conscience came to a compromise, and I resolved to keep the money till the following day. Then I thought, there will be a reward offered, and no one can blame me for profiting by that.

I remained all day in a fever of excitement; and when night came I felt really ill. I could not sleep. I went to breakfast where hackmen are in the habit of drinking their coffee, and eagerly looked for the morning paper. Sure enough, at the top of the column of lost and found articles I found this advertisement:

Lost.—Yesterday, in a hack, a bag of gold. The finder is earnestly entreated to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan street, three flights up, where he will receive a liberal reward.

I knew well what this last passage signified, for I had in many cases learned that this common expression allowed great latitude. A liberal reward meant, perhaps, from one to five dollars and a glass of beer. That would be fine amends for resigning fifteen hundred dollars. I laughed in scorn, and my chagrin was great. My heart hardened toward the person who had inserted this notice, and I no longer felt the least desire to part with my newly-found treasure.

I went about all day with the sack of gold in my pocket, like a madman, which made me once or twice nearly run over people. My night's rest was disturbed by phantoms and the morning brought me no relief. I felt miserable, and what was worse, even in my waking hours the phantoms did not fade from my eyes.

To my great surprise the advertisement was not repeated. I could not explain this to myself, but began to fear that the police were on my track, and that some fine day I must walk to prison.

A week passed, and I had become a mere shadow of the strong, healthy man I had previously been. I had not taken a penny of its contents, but I always carried the bag with me, and with a feverish anxiety and trembling hand I felt in my pocket from time to time to see that it was still there.

Strangely enough I had during this time unusual good luck. My carriage was almost always occupied, and I earned a good deal of money. When I reflected on this fact, I believed that Providence thereby gave me a plain hint. I had always been a little religious, and not free from superstition, and this idea came to me. The result was that on the tenth day I came to the resolution to return the lost property. The money had become a curse to me ever since I had stretched my hand out toward it. I felt weak and wretched, and visibly pined away.

I had noted the advertisement, so I drove at noon on the tenth day to No. 75 Grattan street. It was the place where I had driven the young lady. The door stood wide open. I called a boy to hold my horse, and went upstairs. I asked a girl that I met for Miss Berkeley, and she thought that such a person lived on the attic floor. I went up higher, and knocked at the door I presumed to be the right one. I could not help feeling that I had been a rascal, and only the consciousness that I was at last going to do right gave any ease to my conscience.

At my knock, a weak voice called "come in?" I opened the door and entered.

For a moment the darkness prevented me from seeing the interior. The windows were dim with smoke

and dust, and some broken panes were pasted over with paper. A table and two chairs, and a miserable bed, made the whole furniture.

"Step softly, death is here," said a trembling voice, in which I only too well recognized the young lady whom I brought there ten days before. But how she had changed in this short time! Her cheeks were hollow, her face was as pale as death, and her eyes had unnatural brightness.

When I had gained the necessary self command, I said, with my face turned away—for it was impossible for me to look upon myself as other than a cowardly villain.

"I bring the bag of gold which—" and then I muttered something about having only just seen the notice.

"It is too late," she whispered sadly. "He for whom that money was destined is no longer living. Here he lies. He died some hours ago. Yesterday you could have saved him—saved us both—but now it is too late, too late!"

And she went on murmuring to herself, "Too late!" as if she had fallen into a heart rending stupor.

Suddenly the poor woman rose slowly from the chair where she sat by the death-bed, and, after walking up and staring at me, she gave a hollow, low cry, which thrilled me to the marrow of my bones.

"It is only right that you should know what you have to answer for," she said. "That is your work. You can be proud of it; it is a complete success."

She laughed wildly—it was more of a mingling of laughing and crying—and looked at me.

"He was my husband," she went on, after a while. "We lived apart; why and wherefore is nothing to you. For three years I heard nothing of him. During this time I lived out as a governess, and earned that money which you have in your hand. May God forgive you for what you have done!"

Here she had a severe fit of coughing, and when she took the handkerchief from her mouth it was wet with fresh blood. The hectic flush of her cheeks turned deeper than before, and I could plainly see that she had not much longer to live in this world.

"At last he found me," she continued weakly, "and wrote, begging me to come to him. I came. He lived in this hole in sickness and poverty. Had I not lost my gold then, I would have taken him away and cared well for him. He died of hunger. We have had no food for the last three days, and there is no other fate but for me to follow him. O, you have done a manly deed! Look there—your work!"

She drew a cloth from the face of the corpse; it looked almost a skeleton, and the sorrow of the sight overpowered her. She threw herself over it, and sobbed violently.

The emotion brought on another fit of coughing, with a frightful torrent of blood, during which she expired. Her disease had gone too far for her to survive the shock of her husband's death, and if she could not die in his arms, she died by his side.

Terrified, I spread the sheet over the two dead forms, and hurried to call the landlady. I still held the gold in my hand. It seemed to burn like fire, and I would have hurled it from me if I had not a duty to fulfill. The landlady was very indifferent about the fate of the unfortunate pair. She merely said that nothing different had been expected, but she was much pleased when I asked what they owed, and proceeded to pay her.

I went to an undertaker and arranged with him for a fitting funeral for the couple united in death. I could not and would not seek their friends and relatives to draw suspicion upon myself. It was now clear to me why the advertisement for the loss of the money appeared but once. The poor souls had not the means to pay for a repetition.

I followed the coffins to the grave. No stone marks it, but I know it well, and it often follows me in my dreams.

The very same day I drove to the hospital for consumptives, and put the rest of the bag of gold in the collection box, for I would have rather died of hunger than have kept a penny.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Michigan deaf-mute girl tried to commit suicide by swallowing thirty-six shirt buttons. Fortunately her digestion mistook them for railway restaurant beans, and she was saved.

Tons of Gold.

In the middle of the last century there died in Amsterdam a Jewish banker named Pinedo. He had amassed enormous wealth, of which he made the following disposition in his will:

I bequeath to the city of Amsterdam the sum of five tons of gold. I lend to the said city for ten years, and without interest, the sum of a million and a half florins.

I give to every christian church at Amsterdam, and at the Hague, the sum of 10,000 florins each, and to the church in the southern quarter of Amsterdam 20,000 florins.

I give to each Christian orphanage in the towns the sum of 10,000 florins.

I give to the poor of Amsterdam forty shiploads of peat. I give to the orphan who shall first quit the orphanage, 1,000 florins, and to the one who shall succeed him, 600 florins.

I give to the synagogue at Amsterdam two and a half tons of gold. I give to the Portuguese orphanage 30,000 crowns.

I lend to the government, at three per cent. interest, ten tons of gold, on condition that the interest shall be paid to the Jews domiciled at Jerusalem, the capital to belong to the government in perpetuity.

I give to the German synagogue 5,000 florins. I give to my nephew, Ovis, thirty-ton tons of gold, with all my houses and appurtenances.

I give to my widow ten tons of gold. I give to my other relations, in equal portions, 10,000 crowns.

I give to each of my neighbors who shall assist at my funeral, 100 ducats. I give to every unmarried person of either sex who shall be present at my burial, 100 florins; and to every christian priest in Amsterdam and at the Hague, 100 crowns; and to every sceristian fifty crowns."

The reader must know, that a ton of gold leads bigger than it is. That lump sum was held in those to be worth 100,000 florins, or \$20,000, so that the fifty-eight and a half tons the generous banker disposed of, figure up to \$3,175,000. Altogether, he disposed of a fortune of about \$6,000,000, after a fashion that would put many so-called "liberal" Christians to shame.

GEO. W. SCHUTT'S APPOINTMENTS.

Albany, N. Y.	April 16'h.
Troy, "	" 23'h.
Hoosac, "	" 30'h.
Lansburgh, "	May 7'h.

A NEW OFFER! \$30 MORE

This Competition closes October 1, 1882.

These Terms are open to Subscribers only.

For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us \$1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address very plainly.

Besides this liberal commission, we give \$30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest list of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before October 2, 1882, as follows:

For the list largest list	\$15.00
" 2d "	10.00
" 3d "	5.00

RULES.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION." Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of new subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count. Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

No letter mailed after September 30th, 1882, will be counted.

Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter. Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M,
New York.

FANWOOD.

A Boreish Chapter

HERE & THERE

Threshings of the Past Week.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"If experience has gold in it, as discerning folks expect, then there's quite a little fortune stowed away somewhere in this. And I'll bet it's not a regular stated price in rough done-up prize packages" that you may judge low rate.

The life of a journalist, reporter is within those classic walls. Whose fudge is made the target of every heathen "bore" that squalls.

Every institution is blessed (f) with a bore. Fanwood has several—all well-developed. Their chinning proclivities are alarming, and appear to have been inherited from a long line of ancestors, gathering new-added strength from each, all of which is now concentrated on these unfortunates. Hearing bores are reported to have undermined the constitutions of scores of people, but insane asylums yawn on the finger tips of Fanwood's breed. A long discourse is always tedious, no matter how interesting or instructive the subject, but how much more so in the sign-language, where the subject is so beautifully indistinct that it is next to impossible to perceive it, or if perceptible, so wearisome that a person's jaws are in danger of being turned inside out so frequently does he gape.

The other day we were unwittingly waylaid and button-holed by a representative of this class whose talking propensities are only equalled by his propensities for talking. With a smile devoid of guile, he launched out on an extremely fascinating and exhilarating subject—viz., "himself." His object was manifestly to impress us with a knowledge of his importance, his many virtues and his sterling worth. He impressed us. Yes, before ten minutes had expired we were impressed clean through to our knees that he was the biggest ass this side of kingdom come. Long and constant association familiarizes us with a person or object, and an unfortunately long association had familiarized him with himself. He was eminently at home, and spread himself all over. At the end of an hour, we weakly hinted that too much talking had once killed a young and promising friend of ours. Unfortunately remark. A passing (only a passing) gleam of intelligence enabled him to catch the word "friend," and immediately he struck out as fresh as a daisy on the still more interesting topic—"his friends"—whom we had never seen, and sincerely hope never will if they resemble in the remotest degree their prolific relative. At length we obtained relief. He was happily called away, and we left the scene of so much misery not with anger in our heart, but with a feeling of admiration at the able manner in which he had succeeded in convincing us what a fool he was. Have any of the readers of the JOURNAL experienced a similar agony?

Probably there is more pure mischief to the square inch of Charles McCormick's body than in twenty ordinary boys. The fact that he has no arms, makes no difference to him whatever. Wednesday last, some men who were drawing coal from the Institution dock, left a wagon behind the shop while they went to dinner. Charles espied it, and needs must try to move it with his stumps. He was successful beyond his most sanguine expectations. He ran it off the high wall near which it stood, the pole striking the ground first, snapping short off, and forcing the wagon to turn a complete somersault. Most boys would have been frightened at the damage done. Not so Charles. He coolly sat down on the wall, reflectively contemplated the wreck a moment, and then burst into an uncontrollable roar of laughter.

David Fox, a graduate of '76 and a butcher by occupation, was at the school Thursday last. He says he likes his work first rate. He lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Eugene Singer, who left school a few weeks ago, was seen in Albany, N. Y., last week, vainly looking for work. He said, however, that he had a "promise" of a job soon. Misses C. V. Hagadorn and Moneta Schwan visited Jumbo at Barnum's Thursday last.

Prof. Jones delivered his long-anticipated lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association Thursday evening last. About fifty of the pupils desired to attend, and requested permission from the superintendent, but that gentleman declined, giving as a reason that Prof. Jones could undoubtedly be induced to repeat the lecture before the F. L. A., thus giving every pupil an opportunity to attend. However, he made no objections to allowing the male members of the First and Articulation classes to attend the Seventh lecture of the series of eight free popular lectures under the management of the Washington Heights Century Club, the same evening. The subject was—"The American Constitution founded on the Christian Religion," and was delivered by Hon. Geo. Shea, LL.D.

Some of the pupils of the Mansion House visited Barnum's a week ago. Miss Myra L. Barrager's soul having been fired by the many stirring accounts of the wonderful Jumbo, took advantage, while visiting friends in Brooklyn the other day, to pay a visit to his mammoth highness.

Thomas Hulan, who has been employed at the Catholic School at Fordham, N. Y., for the past two years or thereabouts, was discharged Friday morning last. He visited the Institution the same day, and obtained a letter of introduction from Dr. Peet to Dr. Gallaudet, who will undoubtedly aid him in procuring employment.

A young niece of Miss Eusign visited her not long since. Mrs. E. H. Corrier has been sojourning among Massachusetts relatives and friends for the past two or three weeks. She will remain until after the Professor's sermon before the Boston mutes, March 30th, and return with him.

A new base ball club, named Washington, has been organized, with Messrs. L. Smith, Fenton and Fogle, Directors; Engle, Sec'y; Battery, Treasurer, and Sparrow, captain.

Miss Katie Eusign, of Brooklyn, arrived at the school early Sunday forenoon, and spent the greater part of the day with us. Her old classmates—the High Class—were invited into the officers' sitting-room at her request, and a couple of hours were passed very agreeably in reviewing "old times."

Prof. Jenkins has just passed successfully through the trying ordeal of moving. We are informed that he succeeded in keeping his temper while putting up the stove pipe. What a wonderful man he must be. He occupies one-half of the house long used by Prof. Reeves.

Nicholas Zimmerman, a deaf-mute of New York City and the inventor of the Portable Fire Tower, honored us with a brief stay last Sabbath. He is at present engaged on another invention which, if successful, he thinks will be the means of making his fortune.

Harry M. Powell was "on deck" for a short time Sunday last. Jolly Mr. Low was observed making tracks towards the residence of Prof. Jewell late in the afternoon of the 23d.

Prof. Mann will board with Mrs. Roberts for the summer. Mrs. Totten is now boarding there.

James Wheeler was noticed on the premises Sunday evening last. Several of the officers and pupils have recently had their photographs taken at Pach's well-known gallery, 13th Street and Broadway.

Mr. C. A. Hallock, of the Madison Square Theatre, and his charming wife, visited Alex. L. Pach Sunday last.

It is reported that Miss Lottie Lyon, a former seamstress, is to be married in May.

That much repaired "Evangeline" will probably be in a proper state for launching on or about May 10th. The High Class girls will launch the croquet hoops at about the same time.

Miss Prudence Lewis was seen tripping down Grand St. Saturday last. Several of the male pupils visited the Eighty-first Street Museum of Art Saturday afternoon last.

It has been decided that no exhibition will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle this year. The usual one will be held at the Institution about the middle of May.

Solomon Winne has returned to school from quite a prolonged visit to his friends.

A debate on the subject, "Which is most injurious, bad company or bad literature?" took place before the F. L. A. Saturday evening last. Bad company was denounced by Messrs. Letts and Dunn; while the evils of obscene literature were clearly and forcibly pointed out by Messrs. J. B. Lloyd and Noble. The contestants acquitted themselves well. The result of the balloting was 60 against bad company to 4 against bad literature.

Mr. Charles O'Brien was in attendance at the debate, and expressed himself as highly pleased with all he saw. Charles is a favorite with all those pupils who are acquainted with him, and they were glad to see him.

Prof. Clarke wrote one of his pupils that he expects to take his place in the classroom May 1st.

A new feature in the education of deaf-mutes has been introduced in the educational department, the object being to bring before the pupil specimens of the whole animal world. Dr. A. Brass' large and brilliantly colored zoological pictures have been purchased from Germany and placed on the walls of Room No. 6. Each class will have a given number of recitations weekly, the teacher first explaining the habits, peculiarities, etc., of an animal, after which the pupil will be obliged to write a description. By this method, the pupil cannot fail to take an interest in the subject, and will learn considerably more than by the old system of studying from books with no illustrations.

Supervisor Howell "did" Barnum's recently. Mr. Clement R. Thomson was among our guests of the 24th inst. He visited the High Class office early in the evening.

Prof. Westervelt, Principal of the Rochester School, received a warm welcome on the occasion of his visit here Monday last.

P. Duckerman was laid up for a couple of days this week. Cause—too much base ball near his upper lip.

The printers and peg whackers will soon meet in battle array on the diamond field.

M. R. Palmer returned Tuesday last.

Gracia H.

NEW YORK.

The M. L. A. Ahead

PROF. JONES' LECTURE.

The Catholic Literary Union.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Next to Jumbo and the baby elephant, the lecture of Professor Jones, of the New York Institution, created the most excitement among Metropolitan deaf-mutes.

On Thursday evening, April 20th, mates began to flock to the rooms of the M. L. A. long before the time for the lecture to begin. One of the most noticeable features was the large number of ladies who attended, and there were also several hearing persons—strangers—in attendance, who had doubtless heard of Prof. Jones' mastery of the sign-language. Those undesirable characters who formerly created so much trouble, were conspicuous by their absence.

By eight o'clock, there were fully seventy-five deaf-mutes present. At a few moments past that hour, President Wilkinson opened the meeting with a few words, stating its object, etc., and then introduced the lecturer of the evening. Prof. Jones then took the rostrum, and after a few humorous remarks, which always characterize the beginning of his lectures, and without which it seems it would be impossible for him to exist, much less get started. He stated that the subject he had chosen for the evening was: "What ex-President James A. Garfield has done for deaf-mutes."

He was frequently obliged to stop, owing to the frequent applause which greeted him. The lecture lasted about an hour and a half, and during all that time not a head could be seen to turn, and when he had finished, it looked as if the floor would be knocked into China, under the thunder of countless feet. The lecture was as follows:

"Truly Garfield is passed from our sight. No more will he be seen among men. He has gone where he is safe from the blow of a cowardly assassin—safe with his Maker. He has, indeed, gone to obtain the good of deaf-mutes on earth. The good deeds are what we are to consider, and when we take them up for consideration, it seems as though the man was still living and present with us. Why is it so? It is because he was so good and worthy of our honor and respect, and we deaf-mutes should especially cherish his memory for a detour from the path of duty. It is for our advancement; because it must be understood that it was mainly through his personal efforts in Congress that our College received recognition and support. It is for the good of our race, and it is for the good of our country. Let us, therefore, in order to obtain an education, be willing to work on the low path to earn money that would take us to the goal of knowledge, and in so doing, doing well in everything as a scholar, student, preacher, teacher, general in the army, politician, legislator, and finally, as President of the great United States, and also head of the deaf-mute world."

"At the height of his power and influence, as far as human eye and understanding could see, he was surrounded by so many of our young and old, and that needed him so much. Why, we ask, was it? God alone knows. It may be that he wished the United States to be prepared for the day when we should be in government, and that we should be able to do our duty in such a manner that nothing could shake or topple it, even when its head was unable to direct. For during all the weary time that we deaf-mutes have lived, we have been suffering, our country going on just as well as if we were there to guide the helm—showing to other nations the truth that God reigns and that his government is the best that ever existed. Let us, therefore, have confidence in themselves, and do the same."

"For he himself said on one occasion of trouble years before that 'God reigns and that his government is the best that ever existed.' Let us, therefore, have confidence in themselves, and do the same."

"Although Garfield was very dear to us all, and it seemed that we could not do without him, it must be acknowledged that such calamities are to happen and while we have such men as Garfield with us, though there are few like him, we must do them all honor."

"Garfield is to be remembered as well as Lincoln, particularly by the deaf-mutes. He was always a true friend of those who are so unfortunate as to lack the sense of hearing. He had a great interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes in Ohio and in Washington, D. C., and as he died so much for them, by his personal efforts, and by his efforts, they ought to prove that they will never forget his kindness."

"When the National Deaf-Mute College was yet in its infancy, it received much aid from Garfield, and he was one of those who watched its struggle with great interest, and when he found that many tried to abolish it, he went boldly to them in Congress and did not stop until he saw that the college was incorporated. So it always had a valuable friend and protector in him."

"From the time he became interested, till the day of his death, extending over a period of fifteen years, he never relaxed his efforts to help it, and was only satisfied when he saw that the United States government had taken on itself the responsibility of watching over its interests. So it is plain to be seen how much he did for the deaf-mutes."

"Those who have gone through the school-graduate of their respective institutions, say, they wish, go and enjoy the privilege of pursuing a collegiate course at the Deaf-Mute College. Therefore the deaf-mutes can now say they have a college, and that they have the right to attend it, and also that they can have the happiness of being able to say that to the question, 'can the deaf-mutes attend college?' So they should feel proud of Garfield, not only because he was one of many who always thought kindly of them, but also because he was one of those who succeeded in founding a college where they can receive all the benefits of a superior education, just as hearing persons do."

"Even when Garfield became President, he did not cease his interest in them, but kept it until the day of his life's assassination. He was one of those who ought to be proud to know that he made his last public speech in their college. So we see from all the facts that the deaf-mutes should consider their privilege and duty to erect a memorial to the memory of Garfield, and they are now doing it to have it done before others can say that the deaf-mutes are lacking in gratitude and are not worthy to be placed on a level with hearing persons, but only fit to be kept like the blind."

"Garfield is the Washington of the deaf-mutes and the Lafayette. Let it also be said that Garfield is the John Adams of the deaf-mutes, because while Adams never fought, yet waited till he saw that the United States was established as a nation, Garfield never taught the deaf-mutes yet waited till he saw that the Deaf-Mute College was established."

"Perhaps you, the deaf-mutes, know that Garfield once tested the mental abilities of his class in general by asking Mr. Ballard, now a teacher in the Columbia Institute for Deaf-Mutes at Washington, D. C., to translate a paragraph from French into English, and that he rewarded him for his success by presenting him with one of Garfield's pens."

"In the year 1871, Garfield asserted that all of what Garfield had done for the college was not a work of charity as some had called it, but one of duty, and he believed so, and so do deaf-mutes understand how Garfield nobly stood by them till he saw that Congress wisely granted College rights and privileges to them."

"He said that Congress did not better by the deaf-mutes than for the hearing in regard to college privileges, because the deaf-mutes are trained in the college to teach, and when they come to the college to teach, they are not only the graduates of the college, but they are also the graduates of the country in a much wider sense than colleges usually do their graduating classes."

"Garfield was so fond of instruction that he always encouraged every class of persons who had a taste for learning, and he often visited the college, sometimes alone, sometimes with his wife and children, and even his venerable mother went there with him, showing what an interest he had in deaf-mutes and their education."

"Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, re-embodied one of Garfield's dreams, as the slave of the United States were unable to enjoy the privilege and rights of free men before the name of Lincoln was generally known, and when he came to have power, he it was, who proclaimed that they should be placed on equality with the white man, in every respect, so not until Garfield rose into prominence could the deaf-mutes in the United States enjoy the privileges and rights of colleges, and when he was a leading man, he said that the deaf-mutes ought to be placed on a level with hearing people, and the college owes much to Garfield, and the deaf-mutes owe much to Garfield, and the deaf-mutes will surely encourage them in every way, by word and deed, when they see that the deaf-mutes, as well as Garfield, it is his duty that demands respect from every one."

"So we have seen that the college has been in spite of the many attempts to prove that it was a great loss to the country. In years to come it will be one of the most noted institutions of the United States."

"So we all hope, and trust, that the deaf-mutes will never say a word against what really belongs to them, as the college is the sole property of the deaf-mutes, and as it owes so much to Garfield, it is his duty that demands respect from every one, which the deaf-mutes will offer to him, who loved it so well, should be placed within the walls that have so often echoed his kind words of encouragement."

A vote of thanks was then tendered Prof. Jones.

President Wilkinson then told some of his experience at Kendall Green and what he saw of Gen. Garfield.

He then invited any gentlemen present to mount the rostrum and say a few words.

Mr. John Carlin, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Froehlich and others, held the attention of the audience for another hour.

These gentlemen also received their share of applause.

The amount taken at the door was \$10.25.

The M. L. A. also drew \$15 from its treasury, and the proceeds of the lecture added to it make \$25.25. A nice sum; and the Association may be said to now head the list in regard to independent deaf-mute organizations.

To know who were present the reader has one to run through the list of the most respectable of the New York deaf-mutes and he is there.

Mr. John Carlin, the artist, seemed bewildered over the array of beauty surrounding him. He seemed to be trying to memorize the scene, and probably intends to make it the subject of a sketch.

Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger were on hand, and probably enjoyed the lecture more than many of the "youngsters," who had their girls along.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhng came all the way from the interior of Brooklyn, but both seemed happy.

Leo Greis vainly tried to get a glance at Prof. Jones over a couple of hats, that looked like a cauldron kettle cover.

Geo. L. Reynolds came in full dress, and smiled all the way to Brooklyn. What's up?

Mr. Livingstone, of Western fame, was on hand, but he did not attempt to advertise the *Frontiersman* or sell any of his stock.

Mr. Jacques Low came staggering in under an immense burr, new moccasins, which will probably cast his former one into the shade.

O. W. Fitzgerald occupied a front seat and applauded with such vigor that his cane is now in the cellar, and there is a hole in the floor.

Phil. Tobin, of Brooklyn, spread himself all over the middle aisle.

W. Temple was on hand, and as usual he had Munro on the brain.

Mr. Thomson was noticed in close proximity to an immense hat that looked like the roof of a Swiss cottage. A young lady was underneath it.

Mr. Soper, as usual, hung around the ladies.

Secretary Hogan occupied his chair of State, and he was as immense as at the beginning of the lecture.

Moses Heyman looked happy. He knows why.

The photograph of the National Convention over the platform, danced a jig during the applause, and was in danger of braining the lecturer.

Mr. Levi and sister were on hand.

Mr. A. Ekardt and wife were present, and seemed to enjoy the lecture immensely.

Ex-Sergeant At-Arms Campbell sat at his ease in a front seat. The old man seemed as "happy as a big sunflower" in being allowed to enjoy the lecture in peace.

Treasurer Jiams raked in the shickels at the door, and he smiled as the silver steadily clicked into his pocket.

The new Sergeant-at-Arms Frey, sat on the back of a seat at the end of the room. And cast many a wishful glance at the place occupied by his predecessor.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Prof. Jones distributed copies of the circular issued by the trustees of the Garfield Fund, to the bottom of which was posted a sheet of foolscap for signatures of those who were willing to contribute.

"Is cremation preferable to ground burial?" was a debated before the G. C. U., on Wednesday, April 19th.

The Affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Pownall and Donohue, and the Negative side by Messrs. Denison and Heydon.

The Affirmative side showed that in the cremation of bodies a great deal of money is saved. The remains are got rid of easier, and in case of the corpse being that of a person dying of disease, the remains are prevented by burning from communicating sickness to others which would be the case if buried in the ground.

They also showed that by this process body snatchers, thieves, etc., are defied.

Also that wells, ponds, etc., in the vicinity of a cemetery are liable to be poisoned if the burying ground is on high ground. And that in many instances diseases have been sent from cemeteries.

They also said it was only a quicker method of decomposition as at the end of several years the bodies buried in the ground are reduced to the same state as those cremated, etc.

The Negative side said that the burying of the bodies of deceased persons was practised from the earliest ages in all civilized countries, and therefore was the right way. Christ was buried in a tomb. All good Christians are supposed to follow the example of Christ. Christ was sent into the world to show mankind the right path. As he was buried in the ground, it is supposed that mankind should do likewise with the dead.

Cremation was a recent invention. Its object was to make money. The true way to respect the dead was to bury them—"Just to dust." Burning bodies was no cheaper than burying the same, as after the body had been buried, a plot of ground was in nine cases out of ten bought, and costly monument erected just as if the remains were buried there.

President John T. O'Brien volunteered for the affirmative side, Secretary J. F. Donnelly, for the negative side.

The voting resulted in a majority for the negative side.

At the conclusion of the debate, business that was laid over from previous meetings was taken up, and made away with in short order.

The meeting adjourned at about 9:30 p.m.

It is reported that the pupils and officers of the New York Institution at Fanwood are preparing to send their mite to the Garfield Memorial fund.

Why don't the pupils of the Articulation School of New York City, do something. Surely they take some interest in the movement, and ought to help it along. Let us hear from them.

Deaf-mutes are beginning to put in appearance without their winter coats, and upon inquiry, it is hard to find where they are. The general belief is that they have been left with "Uncle" Cohen.

The attendance at St. Ann's and St. Francis Xavier's was larger than usual last Sunday.

New York deaf-mutes are now watching for the comet, and it is feared by many it will smash into the earth, set the air on fire, bankrupt the gas companies, and in short that talkative deaf-mute will have to bust his gas-bag.

"In the spring the beautiful maiden fondly leans upon her mate, And wonders why he liked so, When his thumb caught in the gate."

"In the sp—"

We will stop right here, as it is dangerous to "spring" too much. The Editor might spring the waste-basket on us.

X. X. X.

A Suggestion Concerning the Gallaudet Centennial.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad to see such an appreciation of the noble services of the first Gallaudet, as shown in the suggestion of Mr. Strong, of Washington, D. C., to erect a statue to the memory of the first founder of American Institutions.

While the project of erecting the statue in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, does his heart credit, it does not seem to argue so much for his head, for how in the world such an out-of-the-way place can be so appropriate for the proposed statue, is more than I can see. It is so far distant from the scene of his early labors as to seem wholly out of place. Now I have a suggestion to make, which I hope Mr. Strong will accept when he hears of the condition in which the Gallaudet Monument already erected in Hartford is standing at the present time. In a recent conversation with Prof. Weeks, the latter described the base of the monument as being in a weak state, cracked in many places, and crumbling in others. The shaft, as I learned from him, is in as good condition as ever, but he expressed himself in strong terms of the need of erecting a completely new foundation for the monument. The material of which the present foundation is composed did not come from the solid quarry of Nature, but was artificially made up, and of course it is not as strong and as enduring in the face of the elements and the wear of time as a more solid one would have been. Now, would it not be a better plan to contribute a sum which, being small, is more certain to be raised, for a solid base to the present monument upon the spot where the illustrious man lived and labored for us, than a much larger sum (\$10,000) which is difficult to raise, and which may not be raised until long after the Gallaudet Centennial is past and the most of us are in our graves, for a statue in a distant city?

HARRY WHITE.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Base Ball Notes.

LITERARY, ETC.

Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The second Literary meeting of the summer term was held in the Hall of the Literary society last evening. On the occasion the exercises opened with an essay by Mr. Veditz, '84, on "Maria Theresa," in which the essayist gave a very faithful description of that remarkable woman. Succeeding this was a debate on that subject of absorbing interest. "Should the Chinese be encouraged to emigrate to this country?" Messrs. Hasenstab, '85, and Adams, '86, supported the affirmative. Messrs. Kerney, '85, and Dantzer, '86, arguing in favor of the Negative. After both sides had fully set forth their arguments pro and con, the Judges decided the debate in favor of the Affirmative side of the question.

An interesting dialogue, entitled "The Gamblers," was then participated in by Messrs. Allabough and Palmer, of '84, and Mr. Morrow, '86. The programme closed with a queer "Elegy on a quid of Tobacco," declaimed by Mr. Collins, '86.

Since the advent of warm weather, a ripple of excitement has passed over circles in the College. After some little practice, the Kendalls at length opened their season yesterday afternoon in a game with the Post Office Department nine. Notice of the game had been given in the *Critic* of the preceding evening, so that when the game was called, there was a large crowd of interested spectators. The game opened a little after 4:30 p.m., with the Kendalls at the bat. By some good batting, they managed to score two runs before they were retired. In their turn, the P. O. D. came to the bat but managed to make but one run.

In the second inning, the Kendalls scored but one, while the P. O. D., owing to a series of field errors on the part of their adversaries, ran their score up to 8. In the third inning, the Kendalls added another run to their account, while the pitching of the Lynch so worried the post office men that they were retired in one, two, three order. This was repeated in the fourth inning, the conclusion of which left the score at 8 to 4 in favor of the P. O. D. Kendall now settled down in dead earnest, and in the next inning added three runs to their score, the P. O. D. nine being able to make only one. In the sixth inning, by a number of splendid base hits and some superior base running, the Kendalls came up to their opponents with a total score of 13. The P. O. D., in their turn, added four runs to their account, thus making the tally equal. At the conclusion of the sixth inning, the game was stopped on account of the darkness. It was evident to all that if another inning had been played, the Kendalls would have come out the victors, as they steadily gained from the fifth inning. The score is as follows:

KENDALLS. R O P O. DEPT. R O.
Reed, 3b 0 2 Allison, c 1 2
Lynch, 1b 1 1 Schell, if 0 5
Layton, 1b 1 3 Atkinson, 3b 1 0
Saxton, cf 1 4 Roderick, cf 2 3
Griffin, 2b 3 2 Gould, p 1 2
Brook, if 2 1 Rife, 1b 3 0
Rand, 3b 3 0 Walker, ss 2 1
Hanson, rf 1 3 Ruff, rf 2 2
Collins, ss 1 2 Witting, 2b 2 1
Total 13 18 Total 13 18

SCORE BY INNINGS. 1 2 3 4 5 6
Kendalls..... 2 1 1 0 3 6—13
P. O. D..... 1 7 0 0 1 4—13
Umpire, Mr. White, of Treasury B. D. C.
Time of game, 1 hour and 20 minutes.

PARAGRAPHS.
Snowing to-day!
Invitations for Presentation Day will soon be out.

'82 has adopted for its class Motto Solon's advice "Gnathi Seanton," or "Know thyself."

A certain senior sports a red night-cap presented to him by an admiring lady friend.

We have it on the best authority that the high hat fever will set in on May 31st or thereabouts.

The Kendalls will visit Alexandria, Va., next Saturday to play the Howard Club of the High School at that place.

The Marshal and Ushers for Presentation Day have been selected, and will soon set about preparing for the great event.

The Sunday School concert given last Sunday afternoon was success. The usual charity collection was taken up.

The Base Ball men are anxious to go to Annapolis and give the catlets at that place a taste. We think they can do it and win too.

Active gymnasium work will cease after May 31, and give place to outdoor exercise and that to be derived from the Notatorium.

There are several students while willing to reply to the "wanted" effusion presented by "Belle L." in her lively letter of last week. In particular there's a Jersey Freshman who will be very happy to accept the offer. He has a hand, or rather a claw, that will help any one to glide down life's vale or any other place, and is especially a find in helping a partner to glide down the ball room. As to his "foot," "form,"

THE OUTLOOK.

Some Views on Agriculture & the Deaf-Mutes.

THE MUTE CONVENTION OF IOWA WILL BE HELD IN THE CAPITOL AT DES MOINES.

Personals, Etc.

AGRICULTURE.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, "Granger," right as a farmer in the true sense, gave a very interesting article on agriculture and the deaf-mutes. The subject is not to be treated as a little thing, but as exceedingly important, so far as the future is concerned. In the past, present and future, the world depends upon agriculture.

When I was attending "Old Fanwood" up to 1875, I experienced the "fat fever" from which the pupils were "spoiled" and taught to scorn the humble life in country and to praise the gay life in city. I have seen that some of them refused to accept \$16 a month as farm-hands, with the remark that that the work on a farm is too hard and unjust for these little wages. They are mistaken. Health and board are given them, besides the wages, in the country. Better wages, of course, are to be found in the city, but in fact, there will be left in the pocket about \$3, after paying the board and rent bills. What average do they earn per month? Less than the farm-hand does. Yet the farm-hand has the advantage of getting out of the unhealthy city. "City-maniac" graduates, particularly in New York, are always to blame. On Sundays they put on their nobby suits, and not forgetting to smoke first-class Havana cigars and take their canes with them, begin a "gobblin' strut" and brag that they make big wages in the city. Naturally the young pupils, who do not hesitate to reason, would be envious, and then feel ashamed of their humble life in the country and also their small wages there. These so-called city fanatics, after telling big stories of city life, told the young that when the young leave school and wish a place in the city, the graduates can help them in securing good places. This is always their custom, as when I left "Fanwood."

Many of the mutes say for themselves that they are obliged to go and hire out as a farm hand, after failing to secure a better place in the city. It is to be regretted, but still they are blind, for they can be skilled in making money at that time. Last summer I had a month's vacation from my cases, at the Omaha Daily Herald, and enjoyed country life for the benefit of my health around Blair, Nebraska. We noted many privileges to be had by the farm hand by doing some speculation for money. Whatever helps him helps all. The farmer, or employer, would not snub him for taking his time, but fully endorse his plans. The hands can buy ten or twenty young pigs from \$20 to \$40, and then put them in a rented pasture of one or two acres with young wild trees on it, for raising them until the fall or winter, when his term as a farm-hand expires. Now, the full grown hogs will sell for from \$500 to \$1,000. What a handsome profit he has made out of \$150 per term salary on a farm? His monthly wages will pay some towards the rent of pasture, corn for feeding, repairing fences, etc., save knowing what enormous profits in the fall. We advised it to a deaf-mute, who used to work out as farm-hand, but, of course, he pointed to us the scanty time. Upon inquiry, we found, yes, he had time enough. In the morning, after doing chores, and just before breakfast, he could go and feed his hogs, and then let them alone until after sunset, when he could feed them once more, just before supper. He became silent, and soon complained that he was too tired. Thus it is understood that he did not care for his own future interests, and is greatly mistaken.

Yet agriculture ought to be studied and loved. The mutes must study, and try to foresee, no matter if they are not farmers, what would benefit them the most, and endeavor to rise higher than their present condition. Horatio Seymour, the sage of Deerfield, is a venerable statesman, we know well, and fearing of the outlook gives his views and advice to avoid any undertaking that tends always to cripple the next generations. From his address to an agricultural fair in New York, in 1879, we reproduce a few following extracts in the belief that they will interest the readers. They are very instructive: "Now that the speculative schemes have died out, and the public restored to its right mind, agriculture is again duly valued. It is not only acknowledged in a formal way, as it has been in the past, but is felt to be the basis of all other industries. Commerce, arts and manufactures, are the incidents of its growth. * * * Our exports during the two fiscal years ending July, 1879, were more than \$1,200,000,000.

Nearly all of this came from the earth—raised by those who till its soil. Their toil has brought our government and our banks up to the point of paying debts and redeeming currency in the money of the world. * * * In vain have we tried all the schemes and devices engendered by discontent and distress, but at length we have planted ourselves upon the soil, and like Anteus of old, we begin to feel the new life coursing along the veins of commerce, and the strength in the muscles of labor which mother earth ever gives to her children when they seek from her abundance and prosperity." Things must be kept in order at the beginning. The mutes are rapidly increasing in population, and, too, there will be many who will turn from the soil, and take other positions. They are mistaken. They must be evenly divided in all business pursuits. Notwithstanding many intentions in the world on the contrary to make money, agriculture is necessary, and it will keep the world from starvation. * * * Thus they must feel eager to go on farming and fight the difficulties and overcome them. So did all those of the distinguished men, who walked from the ploughfield to the summits of fame, success and wealth.

MINOR ITEMS.

The secretary of the executive committee of mutes of Iowa, received a letter from Governor Sherman, of Iowa, replying him that the executive council had favorably granted the request for the use of the Hall of the House of Representatives in Des Moines during the convention next September. [The compositor made a blunder in the last letter, and it should say September, instead of December.]

W. G. Ritchie, of Council Bluffs, once more made us a pleasant visit, and with great regret we learn that he recently lost 300 tons of hay by fire—the origin of the fire is not known.

W. G. Marshall, of Lincoln, Neb., is having a new show shop being built for his own in that city. Fortunate he is, as the shop is located in the very heart of patronage, and he will be very successful. He expects to have a pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. Addison Panacek this month. The Panacek couple have been doing well in their new home at York, York Co., Neb.

Prof. E. A. Southwick has been happy. Because his house in Council Bluffs will be very nice. But the professor did not feel satisfied; for, without trees to adorn the building and lot, it would make a homely appearance. So, therefore, he resolved to take out four-year-old maple trees from the Institution premises with consent, and dig holes in the lot to take in the trees and roots. Prof. Z., who happened to help him, told Mr. S. that the depth was not enough. Prof. S. assured that the ground was too frozen—a fact, went on digging; but the hardness of the ground tired him at last, and he was compelled to give it up. He concluded that he would try and raise trees from seed.

C. R. Joynt made us a visit a few days last week. He writes from Blair, Neb., that he has got a place to work on a farm by May 10th, and after his long absence from that city, the people were glad to see him again. Abraham S. Gardner, of Arapahoe, Neb., has been doing well as ever. He is the junior member of the firm of Gardner & Sons, which have fifty head of cattle and 1280 acres under the homestead act; one timber claim, and 640 acres of "school" land—the latter being rented for twenty-five years.

Last Friday night, my mute sister and myself had the pleasure of attending the exercises given by the little pupils of the Nebraska Institution at the Presbyterian Church, in Omaha, and the exhibition was very good. Refreshments were served.

RUSSELL SMITH.

ELI WHITNEY.

Eli Whitney was born at Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8th, 1765. At an early age, he gave indications of unusual mechanical genius, and when only twelve years old he distinguished himself by making a violin, which, it is said, produced good music and was, of course, the wonder of the whole neighborhood. He often longed to take his father's watch to pieces, but his father entertained different views on the subject and objected strongly to the trial. At last an opportunity presented itself. "One morning, observing that his father was going to meet, and would leave at home the wonderful little machine, he immediately feigned illness as an apology for not going to church. As soon as the family were out of sight, he flew to the room where the watch hung, and taking it down, he was so delighted with its motions that he took it all to pieces before he thought of the consequence of his rash deed; for his father was a stern parent, and punishment would have been the reward of his idle curiosity had the mischief been detected. He, however, put the works so neatly together that his father never discovered his audacity until he himself told him many years afterwards." He was under fifteen years of age at the date of this exploit. When he was sixteen, he persuaded his father to set him up in business as a maker of nails. At that time nails were made by hand and tools were scarce, so Whitney had probably to make most of his own tools as well as the nails.

He was very industrious, and from the very first his whole energy was

directed to the attainments of one object—a collegiate education. He succeeded in passing through Yale College, and then accepted a position as tutor in the family of General Greene, of Georgia. Cotton is one of the products of Georgia, but owing to the difficulty of separating the cotton from the seeds, the planters labored under great disadvantage. In 1785, an American ship landed eight bags of cotton at Liverpool, and the Custom House officers seized them, thinking they were smuggled from India and insisted that cotton was not a product from the United States! One day in 1793 some planters, guests of General Greene, were talking about their trouble in regard to cotton. They knew that they could make large fortunes by raising it, the only difficulty in the way was to rid it of the seed. Until so freed it was impossible to spin and weave it. A man could only clean a pound of cotton a day by hand, and that was too slow. At this time Whitney had never seen cotton seed, but without a moment's delay he turned his attention to the invention of a cotton-cleaning machine. The result was the cotton gin. In 1794, America sent 1,600,000 pounds of cotton to England, in 1801, she sent 22,000,000 pounds, in 1830, 200,000,000 pounds, and in 1875, the total importation of cotton to England was 1,600,000,000 pounds. All the result of Whitney's invention.

The invention of the cotton gin caused a great deal of excitement in the cotton growing states, and multitudes arrived from all quarters to inspect the machine. Some unprincipled men broke into the building where the model was stored, and carried it off and claimed the honor and profit of having invented it.

Whitney, in order to avoid trouble and to perfect his invention, had gone to Connecticut, but when he heard that his title to the gin was disputed, both he and his partner, Mr. Miller, thought things had been carried far enough, and determined to prosecute the violators of the patent rights. The suit came off in the Georgia court May 11th, 1797, and in spite of all right and justice was decided against Whitney. Poor Whitney had been almost ruined in 1795 by the burning of his manufactory in Connecticut, and now the Georgia Courts were against him. Such an accumulation of troubles would have discouraged a weak minded man, but Whitney was not of that description. He applied to the Legislatures of the different cotton growing states to purchase the right to use his invention, and some of them did so. To be sure some of them refused to pay when the time for doing so came. In a letter to Robert Fulton, on the subject of the cotton gin, Mr. Whitney says, "The difficulties with which I have had to contend have originated principally in the want of a disposition in mankind to do justice, my invention was new and distinct from every other, it stood alone, it was not interwoven with anything before known; it can seldom happen that an invention or improvement is so strongly marked, and can be so clearly and specifically identified; and I have always believed that I should have had no difficulty in causing my rights to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and had been used only by a small portion of the community. But the use of this machine being immensely profitable to almost every planter in the cotton districts, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent-right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation and unfounded clamors, both against the right and against the law made for its protection. Hence there arose Associations and combinations to oppose both. At one time, but few men in Georgia dared come into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, I had great difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia, although, at the same moment, there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court house."

Fortunately his worldly prosperity was not dependent on the uncertainty of letters patent and state rights, he having contracted with the general government to supply the United States army and navy with arms, a contract which brought him in much money. His manufactory was near New Haven, Connecticut, and is now called Whitneyville. In addition to instructing the inexperienced workmen in their duties, Whitney invented and made a part of this machinery used. "Under his system," Mr. Whitney, "says a writer in *Silliman's Journal*, "the several parts of the market were carried along through the various processes of manufacture in runs of some hundreds or thousands of each. In their various stages of progress, they were made to undergo successive operations by machinery, which not only vastly abridged the labor, but at the same time, so fixed and determined their form and dimensions as to make comparatively little skill necessary in the manual operations. Such was the construction and arrangement of this machinery, that it could be worked by persons of little or no experience, and yet it performed the work with so much precision, that when, in the latter stages of the process, the several parts of the market came to be put together, they were as readily adapted to each other, as if each had been made for its respective

follow. A lot of these parts passed through the hands of several different workmen successively, (and in some cases several times returned, at intervals more or less remote, to the same workman), each performing upon them every time, some single and some simple operation by machinery or by hand until they were completed. Thus Mr. Whitney reduced a complex business, embracing many ramifications, almost to a mere succession of processes, and was thereby enabled to make a division of the labor among his workmen on a principal that was not only more extensive, but also more philosophical than that pursued in the English method."

Eli Whitney married Miss Henrietta F. Edwards, in 1817, and died January 8th, 1825, leaving a son and three daughters.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

A Glimpse of Things in Indiana.

POETICAL.

"Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way,
And the spring flowers called out of their bed,
Start and raise up their drooping heads."

PRACTICAL.

'Tis Spring, and with it comes the annual "house cleaning," with its scrubbing, painting, and white-washing for the busy housewife, and the carpet-shaking and extra stove-pipe cleaning for the model (?) husband, who is supplied with a liberal stock grumbling and muttered swearing.

Spring brings for the "Slaves of Fashion" considerable anxiety concerning spring costumes, bonnets, parasols, that will eclipse their rival sisters.

To the "demure school-marm" and "stern school-master" it brings renewed energy for the monotonous labors, and a closer view of vacation and the dreaded examination. With its budding beauty, hopes, and promises of a full fruition, who can resist welcoming smiling Spring?

If it were not for the knowledge that our article would be dumped in the Editorial waste basket, with "Spring Poetry" for companions, we would be strongly tempted to pen our "far soaring" spring sentiments with an eloquence unparalleled at the present day.

Easter Sunday was observed very quietly at our Institution. The pupils had their share of Easter eggs. Several of the teachers attended their different churches, in spite of the threatening clouds and rain, both morning and evening.

Since our last article was penned, nothing has occurred to disturb the monotonous routine of duties here. Examination is again numbered with past events, while the final ordeal, "Examination and Commencement," are in dreaded anticipation by all.

The health of teachers and pupils has been very good for nearly four months, though we are sorry to say Supt. Glenn has been slightly suffering with the ague for some time past.

The lady teachers still continue their pilgrimages to the city stores or photograph galleries with the girls weekly.

"Spring costumes and bonnets" are the principal theme of conversation among the lady teachers, "opera going" being laid on a top shelf for the time being.

"Bella L's" spring suit is a love of a wine colored cashmere with satin jacket to correspond. The color just suits her dark complexion, so you may be assured she looks "just too cute and sweet for anything."

"Mignon" will soon appear on the scene in a charming "eider-blue" costume, with a "Mother Hubbard" hat trimmed with black plumes, satin and damask roses, though she looks "just lovely" in her black cashmere, elaborately trimmed in puffed sleeves.

Mrs. Bierhaus and Mrs. Corwin have not decided what to get, so we are at a loss to explain.

"Newcomer's" Fawn-colored costume is considered "becoming and stylish," so we won't say any more about "self."

Mr. A. Junt, not wishing to be behind the times, called forth in a "nobby new suit," not long ago. We think the list of "spring costumes" is complete as far as we are concerned.

TELEPHONE TAPPING.

"Newcomer"—Hello, "Bella L."

"Bella L."—At your service.

"Newcomer"—Give us some JOURNAL items, we have run short. Hurry up, this goes off in to-morrow's mail.

"Bella L."—

Mr. and Mrs. Corwin are a model couple, and have a way of making one feel "at home and at ease" in their parlor.

Mrs. Houdyshell is a charming and doting mamma, and Mr. H. a model papa, and "Arthur" is the boss baby.

Mrs. Vail is a charming hostess and a "Bess Coker" maker.

Mr. Vail the most indulgent of fathers to his children, where their education is concerned.

Suella Coe is the best writer of the *Frontiersman*, which is "going where the woodbine twineeth."

Lola Messersmith, bids fair to be Indiana's "Star of the first magnitude" and reigning "Bella" in long.

Mrs. Bierhaus received an elegant picture and a pair of gold ear-rings with pin from her husband, on her birthday, April 7th.

Mrs. Vail, who had been visiting her parents at the old homestead in Madison, returned last week.

Mrs. Houdyshell's, "Surprise Party" to Mrs. Fitch, was a nice affair indeed, and the pictures were beautiful. Mrs. Houdyshell new suit was "too utterly" stylish.

Mr. and Mrs. Corwin contemplate doing "Chicago" this summer in

company with Mr. and Mrs. Bierhaus, Hear "Newcomer and Mignon" are planning a trip to Detroit, Mich., in August. Is that so?

Newcomer—If Fortune and Circumstance favor us, I guess we will go to Detroit, though we are going to make a "base line" for La Fayette and Benton, Co. first thing.

"Bella L."—Fifteen minutes of supper time. Anything more required?

"Newcomer"—No, thanks, this will do for the present, when we need your assistance will let you know through the Telephone, be sure you hear the tapping. We have listened till our ears aches and scribbled till our fingers are tired and inky, catching every word as it came along.

Very Truly Yours,

NEWCOMER.

INDIANA INST., April 19, 1882.

"The Independent Farmer."

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Noticing the able article written by "Granger" in the JOURNAL of a few weeks since, I thought I would attempt and write in regard to farming. I am an old farmer's daughter, but presume that if I were a boy, I might be much more interested in agricultural pursuits, and would take the contrage to till the soil. I have always been of the opinion that farming is the best business for deaf-mute men for some reasons. If all the deaf-mute peddlers, swindlers, etc., had embarked in the business of farming, they would have escaped a whirlpool of irresistible temptations and troubles and might have enjoyed the reputation of good farmers. But oh, how little many of them seem to think of it! Farming is sometimes considered to be an extinct and tedious business. However it must be acknowledged that good farmers are capable of making property and money, while many of the city business men cannot do that through failures. Sometimes a husbandman fails from lack of financial skill.

Suppose that an agricultural college for deaf-mutes was located somewhere, all the young deaf-mute men having a taste for farming could attend the college and make successful farmers. Will any deaf-mute gentlemen please agree that this idea is *bon*? Perhaps the notorious deaf-mute peddlers would be invisible!

Either deaf-mute men or hearing men must first have full knowledge of agriculture before purchasing farms. Any deaf-mute farmers would do better to buy cheap land than to run in debt for improved farms. Should some of them not "catch the Dakota fever"? Of course country people get lonely at times, but well educated farmers have all the reading matter they want and plenty of enjoyment.

No other persons than ex-combats regard farming as a degrading situation. They may often see the best men shake hands with respectable hard handed husbandmen just as well as they do soft handed lawyers. It is to be remembered that the lamented President Garfield was an independent and cheerful farmer, and probably he never enjoyed more independence anywhere than on his farm.

In one of his admirable speeches, Bob. Ingersoll expressed some beautiful ideas as to farmers and their homes—"It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. * * *

* I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States," exclaimed this great orator.

I have and always will think it is a matter of fascination to a weary farmer to sit down under his own roof and look about his grand farm! He gazes with animation on his promising crops, dumb creature, the green trees and wild flowers, and hears the sweet songs of birds! He inhales the fresh air of his fields, and acknowledges that hard labor has its ultimate reward! Is his farm not like a paradise?

Mr. Editor, I don't wish to tire you out, and so will close. But please let me say just a few words—No Columbus Institution items have appeared in the JOURNAL for a long time. What has become of "Buckeye"? With the best wishes for the success of your worthy paper, I remain,

Ever yours sincerely,

A MICHIGAN GIRL.

More about the proposed Jersey Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I merely write a few lines to let the New Jersey mutes know something about their proposed Institution, because I think it might interest them a little, and they would all be glad to have a school of their own in their native state. An Institution in our own state would let its light shine before the people, and they would become more aware of the capabilities of the Deaf and Dumb. It now seems like sending our deaf and dumb children abroad into a foreign state or country for their education. After they graduate they return home to their parents, and they find it the greatest difficulty to find suitable employment, to make themselves self-supporting, for the simple want of evidence or light before the people to prove their ability without so much doubting over it. Certainly the time has arrived long before now for New Jersey to have an Institution of its own, and the delay in establishing one should be no longer tolerated. From the experience I have received myself being a Jersey mute educated abroad, if you will pardon me I would very much like to state a certain fact. Yes, it is a singular fact, that no Jersey mutes

are always dubbed as "Jersey;" that you know why, and I need not explain it.

If at all we are going to have a school in our own state, let us hereafter eat the intellectual food of education in peace to our own satisfaction and be well contented. We hope the New York Institution will not be sorry to lose its bite of \$330 per Jersey pupil. Oh! I guess it is not afraid it will lose its bread and butter altogether, as its correspondent Grace H. seemed to have the right to condemn our bickering over the sight of the proposed Jersey school. Why, it looks as though it was swallowing pills over the loss of its \$330 per Jersey pupil. Don't despair, there is plenty of time to hinder it yet. The bill is still in the Governor's hands for his approval, and what disposition he intends with it I am unable to say. I received a letter from an assistant to the Governor's Private Secretary, informing me that applicants for positions at the proposed Jersey school are pouring in at the rate of nearly half a thousand per day, from New York, Philadelphia, Ohio, and other states. There is something worse for Grace H. to stop, laugh and gasp at. It looks as though they were going to eat up the whole of the little Jersey school before it ever amounts to anything. If a fellow wants the little salary of \$250 or \$300 per annum, and will be contented with nothing more than that to support his wife and family with, its all right, apply to the proposed New Jersey Institution for a position. P. B. GULICK.

Iowa Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We are having beautiful spring weather; and some of the trees are in blossom.

The pupils are eagerly counting the days until vacation.

April 1st, commonly known as "All Fool's Day," brought some rather unpleasant experiences to some of the inmates of our Institution. The teachers were served with raw eggs and oatmeal pudding strongly flavored with red pepper by the naughty cook, the pupils escaped with lighter indignities, being the victims of a few harmless jokes.

The little girls have had their hair cut off, as well as the boys, which is a good sign that spring is here.

Mr. Folsom, former superintendent of this Institution, made us a visit recently.

Mr. A. Rogers has been sick, but is now around discharging his duties of superintendent.

The Superintendent of the Nebraska Institution, Mr. Gillespie, his wife and four lady teachers came over here one morning recently, and spent the day in visiting the School.

Our Institution now looks more home-like, on account of having a large number of pictures hung around the walls of various apartments, including schoolrooms. They are the generous gift of Senator Rother, of Keokuk, Ia.

On Easter Sunday, our chapel was brightened up by some beautiful flowers furnished by various persons, and gay colored Easter eggs were distributed among the younger pupils. How glad we should all be that Jesus is risen and lives as our advocate and friend.

Last Saturday evening, a masquerade gotten up by thirteen of the girls, afforded a great deal of amusement for the household.

Just as we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of mumps, they again put in appearance and with more force than ever.

Mr. — has again been appointed as one of the members of our Board of Trustees for a period of six years.

The office has been removed to what was last year the reading room, and the room made vacant is to be used as a library and reading room.

Messrs. Booth and Holloway, teachers of the two higher classes, give a party to their pupils on the evening of April 1st. A very enjoyable time was had, games, tricks and mind-reading, were kept up until 10 o'clock, when we said good-night, feeling that we had had a pleasant time, and that the two above-named gentlemen knew just how to conduct such affairs and make it pleasant.

The Board of Trustees are in session.

No more news for this time.

SAMANTHA JANE.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., April 18, 82.

A Deaf-Mute Couple's Visit to their Children.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—My sons and other relatives live in the city of Muskegon, Mich., at Michigan Lake. One of my sons, by the name of Lewis B. Morse, owns the city omnibus, hack, and baggage line round trip. He keeps a telephone in his office. He sent for us to come to Muskegon to visit him and his family and other relatives.

I and wife started for the city of East Saginaw on Wednesday (first day of last March) at 11:45 A.M. We visited our son, A. W. Morse, and his wife, and stayed until Thursday (second of last March), when we started for Muskegon at 8 A.M.

Ween joyed our ride in the cars. Lewis met us in the cars at Ferryburg. We were very glad to see him and talk together, until we arrived at the depot at 5 P.M. His teamster came to the depot, and we rode in the back to his house.

His family were all glad to receive and welcome us kindly. Some of our other relatives came to Mr. Lewis' house, and were very glad to see us. They were all pleasant and kind to us.

We enjoyed a splendid time. We staid there for four weeks.

Lewis ordered his teamster to carry us in the hack to the city to view the beautiful lake, and we visited our other relatives.

We visited our other son, Franklin G. Morse and his wife.

We were pleased to view many steam-mills and many billions of feet of lumber along on the lake shore. They ship lumber by the water and railway.

We learned Lewis' wife and children, and Miss Neva Wheeler, and Mrs. Julia Sweet to talk on their fingers in about half an hour. They talked with us well on their fingers often.

Lewis and his wife made us several presents. His brother, Franklin, takes the charge of the office for Lewis when he is absent.

Before we were about to leave Muskegon, we went to visit all our relatives and bade them farewell.

Mr. Newell's, the City Marshal, two sisters came to Lewis' house and called on us in the evening. They bade us good-bye, and they were all quite pleasant to us.

On the third day of this month, at 2 P.M., we took leave of our son's and their families. Franklin carried us in the omnibus to the depot.

We changed cars twice and arrived at the depot at Saginaw safely at half-past 8 P.M. My son, A. W. Morse, met us. We went with him home. We found them in good health. We enjoyed visiting them very well.

We started for home at 11:55 A.M., and arrived at home at noon on the 5th inst. Our neighbors were very glad to see us again.

My son William and his wife came to visit us last Sunday.

Our daughter Ida was married this month to John Newbold. They live in East Saginaw. I saw them there yesterday. They are in comfortable health.

We would like to go to visit them again if we could. I trust that the good Lord will bless them for what they have done us very kindly.

Yours Respectfully,

C. M. MORSE.

You can always tell the fastidious deaf-mute by his sending twenty-seven collars and cuffs to the laundry accompanied by a single shirt.

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Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upwards

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